The
COMMONWEAL

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Broadcasting to Russia

BASICALLY, it is a perfectly legitimate idea to try to inform as large a section of the Russian people as possible of what our society actually is like, as compared to the picture of it purveyed by the Russian kept press. Only on one ground would it be possible to condemn this idea as an idea: the thoroughly obscurantist ground that communication between human beings is impossible. But the real trouble comes up when an attempt is made to put the idea into practice. In a recent forum on Poland, in which both participants had not long since returned from that country, the master of ceremonies felt obliged to conclude by remarking that it was hard to believe that both persons had really been in the same place, so widely did their reports and assertions differ from one another. That is the terrible sickness which communism has introduced into the world, which fascism and nazism helped vastly to spread and which has made Pilates of us all. What is truth? Politicians, governments and princes have long been liars. It was centuries ago that an English ambassador described his job as going abroad to lie for his sovereign. In this there is nothing particularly new. The difference, the new thing, is the official insistence that the lie is the truth, at best that equivocation is the same as telling the whole truth. The great value of Kant's categorical imperative lay in the fact that it points out that continuous and systematic violations of natural morality inevitably destroy a major human function. Thus, and obviously, the general practice of murder would destroy the life of mankind. Thus, and somewhat less obviously, the general practice of lying destroys the value of speech.

And so we reach what is perhaps the greatest of modern paradoxes: that in an age when communication has nearly reached the ultimate in ease, it has been debased to the point where it is almost impossible of achievement. To put it very concretely, have we any reason whatever to suppose that such Russians as are privileged to listen to the concoctions of the State Department, as broadcast daily by short wave, will in any way be tempted to believe that they are any less false than they may (or may not) know the reports in their own papers to be? Let us suppose that some agency of free enterprise, perhaps even an agency notoriously in disagreement with our government, were to undertake similar short wave broadcasts. Would Russian listeners not be equally impervious? Perhaps all this is a counsel of despair; certainly the State Department's Russian broadcasts are worth trying if only because desperate ills need desperate remedies. And judging by the first specimen, the information boys have done as good a job as could properly be expected.

We should like, however, to make a suggestion. There is a prevailing belief—we suspect the world over—that the State is a congenital liar, that all people when they speak officially are congenital liars. There remains, nonetheless, some faith in the honor of men acting and speaking on their own behalf. This undoubtedly accounts for the public response to those radio programs on which private citizens are allowed to express their opinions freely—especially private citizens who have achieved a popular reputation for integrity. Would it not be well to bear this constantly in mind when we seriously wish to communicate with a wholly alien people? There exist Americans whose names are known in Russia and who presumably command a certain degree of popular respect. They are perhaps peculiar people like Upton Sinclair or John Steinbeck or some of the Hollywood colony. Why not make use of them, in person, rather than broadcast the words of a series of utterly anonymous "Announcer 1," "Announcer 2"? Of course such a device might not be much more effective than that which is at

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present being used, since, as has been pointed out, the difficulties of the whole task are stupendous. Yet it looks like a bet worth trying.

How China Is Going

A FEW weeks ago *Life* published a brace of articles on Christianity in China, one by Methodist Bishop Ward and the other by Catholic Archbishop Paul Yu-pin, the latter long one of THE COMMONWEAL'S good friends. Indeed during his country's bitterest days of foreign invasion, Bishop Yu-pin first reached an American audience through our columns. Both of these articles are extraordinary in their optimism and their reliance upon the essential soundness of the Chinese people as a whole. Indeed Archbishop Yu-pin's article exults in the fact that modern Chinese Catholicism has its roots among the little people and has not repeated the previous missionary mistake of attempting to concentrate upon the conversion of the élite in the hope that a mass conversion would follow. He likewise places great emphasis on the recent ecclesiastic reorganization of China into 137 territorial divisions, of which over 90 are full-fledged dioceses, 20 of them being archdioceses. More than 30 of the Chinese ordinaries are native Chinese. This, indeed, signifies that the Church views Chinese Catholicism as having come of age, and what Bishop Ward says of the native Chinese Protestants tends in the same direction. Of course all the Christian Chinese together barely constitute 2 percent of China's probable population, yet the latter is so vast that the absolute number of Chinese Christians is greater than the total populations of some countries. And there is no question but that Christian influence, both spiritually and intellectually, is altogether disproportionate to the actual number of church members. Parenthetically, it will doubtless be news to a great many Catholics that the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith in Rome before war broke out had made the historic declaration that traditional Chinese marks of respect for deceased ancestors were not contrary to the Christian Faith and that Chinese Catholics might hold Confucius in the same high dignity as their non-Christian fellow countrymen. Socially speaking, this marks the final official step in disassociating religious from cultural conversion—a step of the utmost importance in a country as culturally developed as China.

Yet all this optimism conflicts sharply and strangely with the desperate day-to-day news from China which all Americans can read in their favorite newspaper. The economic condition of the country is next to chaotic, with Chiang Kai-shek employing draconian measures to try to save it. Politically there seems to be no compromise in sight between the nationalists and the communists. Commentators on this situation are in the habit of referring to the intransigence of the extremists in both camps—even Secretary of State Marshall, in his famous statement on the subject, did so. We are told that the only hope lies in the Chinese liberals. We are told this even by so anti-communist a paper as the *New Leader*. Yet what can we assume that these liberals might do to resolve the conflict within their nation? Are we to envisage a liberal government, under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek, as General Marshall has suggested, which would set up a régime having neither communists nor reactionaries represented in it? If so, could such a régime properly be called democratic? Yet if communist participation is a prerequisite for democracy, can it include the continuance of communist armies? Is there any reason to believe that the communist leadership, being possessed of armies not too unsuccessful in the field, will be willing to disband them? Of course Chinese practicality and willingness to make a bargain is almost as much a tradition as Chinese ancestor worship. Maybe that is an element in the picture. In the long run, it probably is. But so long as the opposing forces are at all evenly matched, it probably isn't. Perhaps we had best make our minds up that history has decided upon a show of arms before a resolution of China's basic problem, which is a frankly political problem. And perhaps the optimism of the churchmen merely foreshadows an ultimate happier outcome.

The Lilienthal Confirmation

IN THESE PAGES last week we expressed indignation at the personal turn in the questioning of David E. Lilienthal before the Senate committee examining his fitness for the post of chairman of the national Atomic Energy Commission. The greatest objection derived from the inquisitorial character of the animus of Senator McKellar, whose conduct continues to be highly objectionable. And last week we were all under the spell of Mr. Lilienthal's impassioned apostrophe to political democracy, which extemporary as it was, stunned his inquisitors, friendly and hostile, into a respectful silence. It looked as if the starch had finally gone out of the opposition to the appointment. Mr. Lilienthal's words were quoted at length in all sections of the country and hailed as words which would find a place in recorded history. His approval now seemed certain.

On the contrary his political enemies immediately returned to the charge more violently than ever. Even to a point that there were for a time strong hints that Mr. Lilienthal would feel compelled to withdraw his name. How explain this sudden zigzag of fortune? Apparently an unexpectedly sizable opposition became convinced that

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now it was no longer safe to hold back the campaign of obstruction which had long been in preparation. The aging Senator from Tennessee was still swinging, but he had made such imperceptible dents in the Lilienthal armor that his "filibuster" could no longer be counted on. The time had come to strike. A handful of powerfully-placed Republican Senators began to question the wisdom of entrusting with so key a position a man who was not more enthusiastic about the capitalist system, who had not manifested the proper deference toward Congress in the past, who had such distorted notions of bookkeeping, about whom there were any doubts. A confirmation which had been originally regarded as a matter of formality had been thrown into grave uncertainty.

Political observers in Washington point to a number of sources for this new adverse surge. Outstanding is a strictly political animus. Mr. Lilienthal is a particularly self-assured person, supremely confident of the unassailability of his TVA record, and rather cocky about it in a quiet way. He was appointed to the Tennessee Valley post at a time when Congress was freely turning everything over to the Executive. And the very nature of the Valley Authority's operation requires a marked degree of autonomy and independence of Congressional leading strings. Mr. Lilienthal has always stood his ground; in the course of the past twelve years he has thereby accumulated a considerable number of political enemies, many of them still in Congressional office. They comprise the main spearhead of the opposing forces.

Of lesser note, but of crucial importance in case the Senate vote is close, are certain Republican Senators who, regardless of Mr. Lilienthal's merits, want to make this a test case on Mr. Truman's power of appointment. Certain isolationists figure it somehow that the Lilienthal-Baruch plan for the international control of atomic energy will involve America in another war, while long-hostile private utilities and powerful oil interests also have their friends in Congress. It is really difficult to determine whether any considerable or strategically important hostility stems from Mr. Lilienthal's national and racial origins or the feeling that no matter how much he accomplished in the TVA he was drafted from Wisconsin and imposed upon the South. But regardless of the weightiness of their reasons the opposition is patently sizable enough.

Arrayed against them is one of the strongest aggregates of American opinion ever to be marshalled in favor of a public administrator. President Truman himself declares that he is back of his appointee to the hilt and the President's strength is growing. The widest range of national organizations is backing Mr. Lilienthal for the Atomic Energy post: official representatives of the three major religious faiths, the American Association of University Women, the NAACP, the Farmers Union, impressive groups of scientists and scholars. But it is the vote in the Senate which will decide.

Obviously a great deal more is at issue here than justice to Mr. Lilienthal, one of the few able, well-tried public servants willing to assume responsibilities of a scope which would make most men tremble. The post in question will be decisive in determining whether man's new found atomic energy is directed to productive channels or to his own obliteration. (Deep underground plants, homes and airports are already operating in Sweden, Russia and other countries and serve as the object of intense practical study by our Army, Navy and Civilian Defense authorities.) Mr. Lilienthal himself is chiefly responsible for the safeguarding American plan for the gradual relinquishment of a national atomic energy monopoly, which will inevitably and before long be lost anyway—the most feasible plan yet advanced to forestall a suicidal atomic energy race. When having the right man at the right post involves such matters where do Senatorial dignity, regional pride or party politics come in?

Federal Aid for Teachers

WHEN the Republicans moved briskly into Washington last January—sweeping exhausted remnants of the New Deal out of the hotel lobbies and back into the obscurity of private law practice—the country, and to some extent, the world, waited anxiously for what was to have been an immediate, unrelenting attack on the great problems of the day. The action, so far, has been slow and disappointing. There has been a vigorous display of footwork; nearly every member of the majority party has circled busily around one or more of the unsolved national problems, and some of the more experienced Congressmen—Senator Taft, for one—have tried a few light jabs, but altogether the energy that is supposed to have accumulated during the long Republican rest has failed to find release on anything more important than Lincoln Day speeches. Lack of a suitable outlet for their legislative fury has become so frustrating, in fact, that at least two Republican members of the new Congress—Representative Knutson and Representative Engle—have laid angry hands on one another.

There is a possibility, of course, that the Republicans are staging all this, and what appears now to be unadorned hesitation may show up later on as an example of superior political cunning. They may be withholding important decisions until some more quiet moment; late March and April, for example, when General Marshall and his advisers will be out of town and the attention of

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the electorate will be fixed on Moscow. Unless the Republicans have changed a great deal in the last twelve years, however, the explanation for their present land-locked situation is much less mysterious than that. As the Democrats and other outsiders have suggested, the Republicans appear to be suffering from the after effects of over-simplified campaign oratory, and while struggling to fit the lyrics of last fall to the social and economic facts they found awaiting them in Washington this winter, they, as well as the people who sent them there, would probably appreciate an interim victory over some relatively modest but real national problem. This would be an excellent moment to do something—by way of national legislation—to improve the economic lot of the nation's secondary school teachers.

If the Congressmen have been reading the newspapers, or if they have been hearing from home at all, they must know that teachers are, at the moment, the most discouraged wage-earners who earn their living above ground. The twin spirals one hears so much about (prices and wages) have risen most unevenly in their case, and although they share the general national distress over higher prices, they have not participated in the questionable consolation of increased wages. It is hardly necessary to point out the consequences of that kind of maladjustment. According to reports from every state, the teachers are abandoning their impoverished profession in favor of more wholesome economic atmospheres. As might be expected, their replacements, when available, are inferior, and young people who once regarded the teaching profession as a pretty good thing are beginning to look in other directions. If this movement away from teaching continues for a few more seasons, the United States—a nation which has always exhibited an almost childish belief in the total benefits of mass education—will find itself without the teaching power to man our splendidly appointed school buildings. The consequences for the democratic way are fairly obvious.

As a class, school teachers have never come off very well in the public estimation. Their job does not seem treacherous or dirty, and it has been difficult to arouse on their behalf the flow of public sympathy that has gone out so readily (until quite recently, anyway)to coal miners. Members of the Eightieth Congress may share some of this national indifference to teachers, and their memories of American public school life may not be, in every instance, grateful, but their concern for the national well-being, as well as the torments of their current legislative position, should light the question of reasonable pay for public school teachers with the proper glare of urgency.

There is only one unfortunate aspect to all this: in order to do anything really helpful for the teachers the Congressmen will be compelled to spend some money. A few of the states will be able to lend a hand, but most of the teachers who need help live in states which, unfortunately, do not have very much money. In a case like this, the only other place one can go for money—as both friends and enemies of the practice know—is to the Federal Government.

During their appeal to an aroused electorate last fall, the Republicans spoke scornfully of the loose money ways the Democrats had fallen into and pledged themselves, if elected, to run the nation on a budget better suited to the operation of a country store. This innocent view of the responsibilities for which they clamored accounts, to a great extent, for the present Republican difficulties. In spite of the way things looked to them from the outside, the Republicans will be obliged, sooner or later, to learn how to handle public money with at least a shadow of the ease and sophistication that characterized their rivals. The question of higher pay for teachers provides them with a most useful opportunity to make the inevitable shift from country store to world power economy. The transition would be smooth. The teachers would be grateful. The nation which the Republicans hope to run for the next few years would be noticeably strengthened. The new Congressmen would have an outlet—while awaiting their chance at more extensive issues—for their stifled energies. And the first step would be extremely simple. Senator Taft has on hand a bill (very similar to the Hill-Thomas education bill that was beaten down by the Seventy-ninth Congress last year) which would do most of the things that the teachers and their friends have been suggesting. Catholic educators may feel that the Taft bill has its imperfections, but it is, nevertheless, a generally effective piece of legislation which is ready now and which has an excellent chance to get through Congress. At the moment the granting of federal aid for public schools is a national necessity.

Notable Message to Americans

REPORTS of terrific famine in Russian occupied Rumania coincide with a dramatic full-page newspaper appeal by the American Friends Service Committee (the Quakers). They tell of children in Europe and Asia "dying in untold numbers from lack of food and clothing," and ascribe this to the end of UNRRA and the disbanding of the National War Fund. They appeal for funds and suggest that Catholics, Protestants and Jews give generously to the relief agencies of their own faiths; support of Greek, Chinese and other national relief agencies; pressure on Washington for large-scale food shipments to take the place of UNRRA.

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Perón's Scraps of Paper

Why the Argentine dictator is dilatory on Chapultepec

Ernesto Luciani

WHETHER or not the most famous example of the classic dilemma between concrete application and definition of principle was Hamlet with his "To be or not to be," the problem is as old as the world. It is therefore not at all surprising that General Perón, faced with the prospect of fulfilling his agreements under the Acts of Chapultepec, feels inclined to be uncertain, as time goes on, whether it is expedient or not to do honor to his country's pledged word.

When these agreements were discussed in the Argentine Congress, the pro-fascist nationalists agitated most vigorously against their ratification. The boldest of them climbed the flagpole from which was unfurled the banner indicating that the Senate was in session and lowered it to halfmast to express the nation's sorrow—or at least the nationalists' sorrow—at the death of Argentina's national sovereignty. Moreover, the police, who are so assiduous at all times in getting after the democrats who are in opposition, completely ignored nationalist misdeeds because Filomeno Valazco, the Argentine Himmler, spiritual leader of the nationalist sect, is not head of the police for nothing.

All the pro-fascists accused Perón of having sold out to "Yankee imperialism." And there were even proposals that Senator Diego Luis Molinari (of the more moderate wing of the Perónists) be assassinated for having delivered a senatorial discourse favoring the ratification of Chapultepec. Nevertheless the followers of Molinari maintained a calm and genial attitude and tried to show that approval of Chapultepec would simply be a formal gesture. A gesture without any real meaning, comparable to the declaration of war which Argentina issued a little before the end of World War II so that she could be allowed to take part in and to confirm the final protocol in Mexico. After declaring war Argentina sent not a single soldier to the battlefields; and in this instance there is not the slightest thought of complying with the Acts of Chapultepec regardless of having agreed to them. Hitler himself has said that treaties are simply scraps of paper.

The reason for not fulfilling the obligation assumed by Argentina at Chapultepec is twofold. In the first place, the present members of the Argentine government continue to have totalitarian tendencies, and despite the defeat which nazism suffered, they dream of revenge. The most disinterested of them sincerely believe that it will be possible to establish a strong Latin American bloc—directed by Argentina from the beginning—that will be able to bring into play a force which they believe will be able to tip the scales once Russia and the United States weaken themselves in the extreme through the war which these Argentinians believe inevitable. Chapultepec is viewed as a surrender of sovereignty and a pronouncement in favor of the United States. Perón at the beginning of his régime made violent speeches about the North Americans and now has quite reversed himself and gone out of his way to conciliate his "good friend Messersmith." When he met the United States Ambassador at the airdrome the other day, he greeted him with, "Long live the future president of the United States." The General holds up his sleeve the ace of Stalin in case things should develop more favorably for the Soviet side. It is clear that Perón does not realize that things are going in the opposite direction; but what is clear is his confidence that whatever happens he will come out ahead.

North American tutelage—or whatever you want to call it—has always met with fierce resistance on the part of Argentina. The phrase, "Yankee imperialism," was not invented by Perón. If you should go through the archives of the foreign offices of Argentina and the United States from the days of independence from Spain, you would find that the two countries have never been warm friends; the two governments, certainly, have never been very friendly.

Dispassionately, I believe that the United States deserves the greater blame for the fact that from the very start the Good Neighbor policy failed lamentably as a method of developing a successful Latin American policy, since she seemed to consider the countries in that sector of the hemisphere as little countries peopled by Kaffirs. Whether through isolationism, lack of interest or whatever the reason, there can be no question that the State Department did not concern itself with getting to know intimately what the American nations really were, and especially Argentina, while the State Department believed that it

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could run the Argentine with an iron hand as if it were one of the Central American countries.

The only result of United States diplomacy in this matter has been to unite all the Argentine people in opposition to her policies. It was intolerable that the United States should denounce the Argentine dictatorship and not utter a single word about the other American tyrannies. Honduras, with her "General" Tiburcio Carias, of the assassin type, was beyond criticism because he sold the products of his banana economy to the North American fruit companies; the despotic Maximiliano Hernández Martínez of El Salvador was a "democrat"; Somoza in Nicaragua, Vargas in Brazil, Gómez in Venezuela, Benavidez in Peru, Peñaranda in Bolivia, Morínigo in Paraguay and others were "loyal soldiers in the cause of the free and united Americas." There were some among these who hastened to declare war on Japan after Pearl Harbor, even before the United States declared war.

Today the Christian Democrats of Argentina would like to see a more explicit denunciation of the Russian dictatorship on the part of the United States, and a policy that is less equivocal. We do not want the readers of THE COMMONWEAL to have an inaccurate impression of our position. In explaining one of the psychological reasons that a large number of Argentine people regard without confidence the prospect of allying themselves with the United States, body and soul, we do not fully join with them in this attitude. In criticizing severely the mistakes which the United States has made in developing her inter-American policy we do not wish to give the impression that we have any dislike for your great nation. Whether one likes it or not, the world has been divided into two spheres of influence; in one there is Russia, and in the other, countries who do not want to have Russia dominate the world. The United States, with all her defects, her capitalism, her lynching of Negroes, her love of the dollar and other material things, is in a much closer position to Christian democracy than any other country. It is not a Christian democratic nation, but may one day become so because democracy or something very close to democracy is the basis. (The Latin-American countries are totally unable to understand the Negro problem in the United States.) Born in an atmosphere of freedom, and extraordinarily sensitive to everything which has a spiritual basis, the people of North America may well develop in the direction of the Christian democratic ideal.

But I have deviated a bit from my original theme and have not explained why Perón does not wish to fulfil his Chapultepec obligations. Basically he is a self-absorbed fascist paranoic of the worst sort. Surrounded wholly by officers of the Prussian type (such as his military secretary, General Silva, and his chief of police, General Velazco), Perón does not hate the bad things in the United States but rather the good things, and your nation's democratic character. Instead of eliminating nazi influence in Argentina, he has helped Fritz Mandl to set up various industries; he has for his secretary Rudolf Freude, the son of Ludwig Freude who was hailed as nazi agent number one in the Western Hemisphere. He has ordered the nationalists to suppress newspapers which oppose him; he has warned nazi spies that they had better flee because the police were about to apprehend them.

He has expelled members of the Supreme Court in order to put his own followers in high places in the nation's law courts and to render the judiciary subject to his wishes. He has violently thrown out of office all public servants of the opposition parties, depriving them of their livelihood. He has, through the gunfire of his police, broken up the meetings of the opposition. He has removed or requested the resignation of university professors in order to place teaching in the hands of the totalitarians. He has organized pre-conscription of the fascist type under which all boys of twelve years of age must undergo military training, etc., etc.

A man of such antecedents cannot fulfil the obligations contracted, because they would compel him to respect the four freedoms; while for Perón the only freedom he will grant is freedom to obey him.

The Headlines

Tears for the tangle of tin, for the windshield's
Glass a kaleidoscope, all red.
For pullmans in rotogravure, clamped like accordions,
And the girl's little shoe by the track, its laces burst.
Tears for the five hotels this winter
(Cried loudly proof to fire until fire disproved)
Turned acetylene-white at night, gape-black at dawn.

What can the skull conclude, burned out like a boot?
How remember (after the green Martini's undersea trick)
The talk with Julia and Bonnie and Gus
About this and that: about man the
Vista that would be viewpoint?
How remember the Christmas window's
Blue spruce, the Mozart score
Its notes like heads on pikes at London Bridge,
Or in evenings of the heron-ghosted dune
The twisted glint of the used madder tube?

Pikes of glass at our throat
Or smoke spurting under the door,
How remember the flaw confirming the perfect face,
Blue or yellow dregs that vitalize pure red,
The retardations of deliberate Bach?

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS.

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A Note on anti-Communism

A positive program and the American Catholic press

Edward Skillin, Jr.

IT WAS TOO LATE to duck behind a pillar; my talkative friend had spotted me and was striding toward me, up the station platform. He was smiling broadly.

"So you missed your express this morning."

"Oh, I don't mind. Have some work here in my briefcase I had planned for the train. You can get a lot more done on a local." A silent petition winged its way to good Saint Christopher that the 8:05 would be so crowded that only single seats would be left.

As it turned out the train was not crowded. We sat down together and I immediately dove into the briefcase for some manuscripts. But my ebullient companion began: "How's your paper doing these days?"

"Pretty well, thanks, but it's tougher and tougher to dig up good articles. Probably because people are so bewildered; we don't run into many writers who have much to say."

"Too bad you are not in the swim, then."

"I don't get it."

"Well, if you only went in for anti-Communist tirades your paper would have all the articles you want."

"I wish we did get some intelligent articles on the subject. But what put that sort of thing into your head?"

My companion settled back against the hard rush seat. "It's this way. I never claimed to be much of a brain box, but I've been wondering a lot lately. Every so often somebody says that the Catholic Church is the only force in the world able to stand up to Soviet communism. And then I remember that the Church of Rome triumphed over the powerful Roman Empire, the barbarians, the chaos of the Dark Ages."

"I didn't know you went in for . . ."

"Yes, even in school I always liked history. Still read a book of that type now and then. But to get back to my story; the Catholic Church has met and somehow survived all the great human crises of the past twenty centuries. So with the atom bomb and universal disillusion hanging over us, I wanted to know what that long-lived religious institution was doing to meet the latest and perhaps the darkest crisis of all."

"How did you go about finding out?"

"Well, there is a news stand near our office downtown which carries Catholic papers. I've been reading the *Catholic News* and the *Brooklyn Tablet* for the last few weeks."

"Did that help any?"

"I'll come back to them later. Besides that I've been following Catholic programs on the radio—listened to some of your most famous preachers."

By this time I had shoved the unread manuscripts back into my portfolio and now regarded my companion with somewhat greater warmth. "Say, do you always go into things so thoroughly?"

"I've told you I'm not any brain box, but the question has struck me hard. I get around a bit and I find that so many people are desperately looking for something to have faith in."

"Go ahead. I'm all ears. How does the Church seem to you to be meeting the greatest crisis in human history?"

"Friend, I hate to say so but it isn't."

"What?"

"No, if what I've seen and heard is at all typical the Catholics don't have much of a solution to offer."

"Explain yourself," and I sat up straighter.

"The Catholics I've heard and read are obsessed by fear; they seem really, to be more scared than the rest of us."

"Whatever gave you that impression?"

"The only thing they talk about with any frequency or consistency is communism—*Pravda*, Tito, Poland, the wicked critics of Francisco Franco. You can't get any sustenance out of that."

"You must be exaggerating. I don't read the *News* or the *Tablet* that carefully or tune in on many Catholic 'hours.' But they must touch on lots of other things."

"Of course. But the one thing they keep coming back to is communism."

"That's natural enough. The Kremlin is the avowed enemy of the Vatican and the communists have been doing terrible things in the Baltic States and the Balkans. Regular Hitler stuff, with the priests and bishops singled out for prison and for death. And the American people do not appear to be at all concerned. Besides they openly aspire to world domination."

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"I know. I know. I read about that in my newspaper nearly every day. What I mean is that the Catholics don't seem to have anything positive to offer, no ideas to lead the world out of the morass as apparently they did lead the way time and again in the course of history. Take myself, now. I know that the people who run things in Russia are a mighty bad lot—and so do most Americans. It doesn't prove anything to have the Russians and their henchmen in satellite and other countries called a lot of derisive names."

"But wait. A minute ago you said that the Catholics did not have anything constructive to offer to a heartsick and war-torn world. How about the recent official National Catholic Welfare Conference statement on Human Rights? Did you happen to see that?"

My companion shifted closer to the window. "Yes, that's an example of exactly the sort of thing I've been looking for—an excellent, constructive, well thought-out list of principles linking current needs with the Christian tradition. But the two Catholic papers I saw did not seem particularly interested in it. The New York one gave it a big headline but buried the statement on an obscure inside page and in small type."

"It must have been too long to splash all over the front page."

"Perhaps, but did you happen to notice how the *Tablet* handled it?"

"Go on."

"To begin with they also buried it somewhere in the back and in small type—but with no compensating front page headline; also their editorial on the subject revolted me. It began by discouraging people from reading the statement by dubbing it 'old stuff,' the sort of thing that any Catholic would know already. That was misleading and unhappy enough. But then they went on to say that the NCWC list of rights was too fine for the group to whom it had been submitted: Mrs. Roosevelt and the UN Committee on Human Rights. This committee, they said in so many words, 'can hardly be expected to permit them to be discussed.' I have the clipping here in my pocket if you want to see it."

"No, I believe you."

★

"The general tone of these papers is consistently so negative."

"But there are plenty of news stories from various correspondents all over the world. And some despatches deal with what the Church is doing in many lands."

"True enough. But the negative tone predominates. Take another example. Both of these papers publish the same syndicated column, "What's Right with the World?" I have read that with particular eagerness — things under that heading are what I especially wanted to find. In the past six weeks there was only one warm note in the column—a tribute to the idealism of youth. The other five columns dealt with: the lack of individual rights in Soviet Russia; the injustice of having Russians sitting at the Nuremberg war criminal trials; the anti-Christian temper of George Bernard Shaw; the immorality of one of the 'best-ten' American movies; how the communists have used American supplies to crush peoples and nations who do not meekly accept their new subservience. Overwhelmingly and violently negative—why don't they call the column 'What's Wrong with the World' and be done with it? There are two Latin words over the title; what do they mean anyway?"

The 8:05 was edging into the murk of the Jersey meadows. "*Sursum corda* means 'Lift up your hearts.' It comes from the Mass, and serves as introduction to the *Sanctus*, the joyous singing of God's praises."

"How do you explain it, then?"

"There's very little I can say in answer except that things are in a bad way in the world."

"All the more reason why Catholics should come forward with some sort of a constructive program if they really have anything to offer."

"What about the Pope's Christmas messages of recent years?"

"I'm not acquainted with them. But today's crisis isn't something you can wish away once a year no matter how lofty your sentiments. To be constructive in a world that is so thoroughly shattered physically and morally, you have to keep everlastingly at it. But I'm not talking about the Pope anyway; to be honest I have not consistently followed his statements. I confine my comments to the Catholic papers I've read and the broadcasts I've heard—not to mention the lectures announced and the Communion breakfast addresses reported in those two papers. And they all indicate that Catholics don't have much to offer at the present juncture except political criticism of the gloomiest sort."

"But you must admit that you have to get rid of the obstacles in the path before you can proceed toward the goal at the end of it."

"I've heard that one before, too. You see I was a salesman for nearly ten years—long enough to learn my ABC's. And the first lesson is: don't focus your efforts on knocking your competitor's product. In fact, don't say much about the other fellow's product. Instead extol the solid virtues of what you yourself are selling. More inexperienced salesmen have failed to make the grade because of that mistake than perhaps any other. You may think that's a pretty low plane on which to be talking about religion and ideology. But people react the same way all along the line. They are not interested—especially today—in

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what you think of what somebody else is doing; they want to know what you have to say for yourself, what you yourself propose to do about things."

"I think I can agree with you there. Only the other night I was talking to a small parish Holy Name meeting near home. By the time we were through I found that the unassuming fathers of families that made up most of the group were actually, in their innate good sense, quite unmoved by repeated negativism, even when mixed with high-flown rhetoric. They, too, in their inarticulate fashion were crying out for something more than thumping denunciations. They were eager, several of them, for positive suggestions, for action. It was a reassuring experience which reminded me of Father Tompkins of Nova Scotia and his unshakable trust in the good sense and reliability of, shall we call him, the common man."

"Glad we agree on something. Then maybe you'll see the force of my next quotation. It certainly strengthens *my* growing doubts."

★

"Whom are you going to jump on now?" I asked, shifting uneasily.

"I have just told you that I am confining myself to the testimony of my own senses. This is the way I figure it. If Catholics had much to offer right now, they would hardly waste all the newspaper space that they do. A couple of weeks ago it seems that the wholly unimportant author of 'Under Cover' claimed that he had been set upon and beaten up by what you might call 'Christian Front' hooligans in Brooklyn. The *Tablet* spun out paragraph after paragraph in order to refute his charge—citing endless and unexciting bits of medical testimony. The substance of the paper's counter-charge was that the sensational journalistic operative in question had been set upon by nothing more corporeal than creatures of his own lively imagination. Considering the *Tablet's* obvious fighting spirit and the fact that the alleged incident had taken place on home territory, it was perhaps natural that the editors should at least refer to it. But why did the New York *Catholic News* also have to make so much of the insignificant incident right on the main editorial page? The conclusion is harder and harder to avoid: Catholics either do not have the principles comprehensive and vital enough to confront the current world crisis or if they have, they don't realize it, or are too lethargic or self-absorbed to apply their principles to current urgencies. Now take those radio programs . . ."

"Hold on; we're getting into Hoboken and a parting of the ways. In the last couple of minutes let's stick to what you've brought forward so far. I can't get around those examples, but I still think you exaggerate. Can it be that you didn't pick the right journals—and I don't mean only what I'm carrying here in my briefcase either?"

"What would you do if you wanted to find out something for sure?" he asked as we alighted. "Is there any better way than going straight to headquarters? You can't deny that the two journals I've cited are the official organs hereabouts. I haven't given up hope completely yet, but do you wonder I am disappointed?"

"No—but here's where you have to make for the ferry."

My companion gave me a final pat on the back as I turned to join the other sardines on the platform below. "Too bad you don't go to town via Barclay Street."

The Stage & Screen

The Story of Mary Surratt

JOHN PATRICK'S play is earnest, sometimes moving, sometimes impressively acted. And it is never wholly dull. Its dramatic drag is due, I should say, to poor wrighting. Examining the circumstances of the Southern widow, who was tried and condemned by a hastily contrived military tribunal in connection with the assassination of Lincoln, the piece does build on authentic history: showing us, first of all, Mary Surratt unwittingly harboring a number of the conspirators in her Washington boarding house; subsequently, her difficult relationship with her son, one of the minor movers of the murder, and his relationship with Booth, her actions on the fatal night; and finally, her tragic courtroom and prison play. And there is, of course, both poignancy and horror in this physical progress of one of the certain miscarriages of justice in the records of the nation. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the facts of the story have been grasped and divided by the author at all the wrong points. There is, for instance, not one motivated interval throughout the work. All of the scene divisions are arbitrarily accomplished to allow for skips of interior time, so that whenever the curtain falls, one unfortunately realizes that an assortment of weeks, days, or merely hours could not be fitted to the boards. It is true, in an honest historical adaptation such as this, the prime factor in the element of suspense—THE END!—is automatically removed, and therefore emphasis must be placed elsewhere: upon language; upon bold, neat, even inspired invention; most of all, upon selection. Mr. Patrick's language seemed to me adequate, neither too stiltedly in period, nor, in the main, too aggressively modern. And his inventions (I take it the intimate home and prison scenes *were* invented), I thought plausible, occasionally stirring. In the final, cell scene, at the moment when some purpose in the injustice of her fate must be presented to the wretched prisoner by her supposed girlhood sweetheart and present counsel, the

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writing seemed to me profoundly moving. At this moment, the business quite suddenly took on the large dimension, the human significance, beyond the records. But sadly enough, this point was not achieved by any relentless, irrevocable drive in the author's choice of events leading up to it. All through, it seemed to me that the most important testimony in the court scenes (that of the conspirator, Payne, for example) was ignored; the most important earlier actions (Payne's again) never explained. I think Mr. Patrick had a play, but that he worked it ill.

Dorothy Gish as Mrs. Surratt; Kent Smith as Reverdy Johnson, the Senator who so passionately undertook her defense, played admirably. And I thought Elizabeth Ross's Daughter wholly enchanting. In the Helen Hayes tradition, this infant seems to have everything, including humor. None of the rest were outstanding, a good many of the soldier people appearing strangely wigged and painted. Samuel Leve's settings were nice. (*At the Henry Miller.*)

Craig's Wife

GEORGE KELLY'S second offering on the street—a revival of his Pulitzer Prize winner of some twenty years ago—will take first place in the list of this author's work in this column. The familiar saga of the selfish woman who chooses her house rather than her husband, it is a far more absorbing play than "Fatal Weakness"—better made, less vacuous. And certainly easier to understand. It is true that cumulative evidence (three works in two seasons, plus a few hints delivered by my honored colleague, Mr. Atkinson) does give one a clue to Mr. Kelly's misogynous humors, a clue which the absolute refusal of any of the idiom, or even knowledge, of modern psychopathology has done much to hide. Dealing as he does in cases of feminine foolery, or just plain nastiness, it is nice to learn he is simply a woman-hater; and if his women, whatever their age, seem always dated—suspended somehow in a pre-Freudian-Jungian-Shavian-Marxian air—they are often *characters,* which is saying something. Here, under his own direction, I feel the piece is somewhat less successful than its excellent movie adaptation of a good many years ago.

The author has chosen, in Stewart Chaney's mounting, an extremely exotic setting for his heroine's downfall. The room of an actress rather than a housewife. And his staging takes on a kind of tricky theatricism which, I think, goes against the script. Characters are constantly peering through invisible windows directly into the face of the house, and while the room is (and should be) one in which no one would care to sit down for long, I do think the gesture should be attempted once in a while. Again, the physical marathon is matched by a tearing pace in delivery which spoils the long articulate speeches.

However, aside from these carping commas, the performance is special. Judith Evelyn, in the lead, again proves herself a stimulating actress. Suiting her comportment to the scene, she is an elegant Mrs. Craig, graceful, rapid, sophisticated, urbane, coldly sinister, sinisterly cold. She has, I should say, the most telling hands and feet of anyone (always excepting Ruth Draper) working at present. Philip Ober's Husband is not so successful, having a kind of shouldered "Milquetoast" quality which, when draped foursquare to the foots, through that window again, appears tortured rather than virile. Viola Roache's easy Housekeeper, Kathleen Comegys's staunch Aunt, serve to pull the thing back where it belongs. An interesting evening. (*At the Playhouse.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Fabulous, the Man Says

ANYONE who really thinks the Dorsey Brothers are fabulous is likely to find the movie about them beyond sober reality too. *"The Fabulous Dorseys"* has some musical sequences, played by orchestras lead by Tommy and Jimmy, that are indeed out of this world. But, alas, it also has a plot which is also beyond sober reality. It attempts to trace the story of these two famous bandleaders from their boyhood days in a Pennsylvania town where their coal-miner father (Arthur Shields, who has to say things like: "There's only one thing worse than being Irish, and that's not being Irish") and their devoted mother (Sara Allgood, who's such a fine actress that she can always rise above a weak script) were determined that the boys should get on. Besides their violent tempers, the boys seem to have only one thing in common: a love for music. And even in that they disagree—Tommy preferring a fast tempo, and Jimmy having a penchant for the sweet. The fight continues right into their manhood when Tommy and Jimmy themselves play (or I should say "walk through") the rôles. As a friend and singer in their band, Janet Blair devotes most of her time to patching the quarrels between the scrapping Dorseys instead of concentrating on the composer-pianist (William Lundigan) who loves her. Janet finally effects a reconciliation by springing a dirty trick that involves Paul Whiteman, her boy friend's concerto and the irate Brothers Dorsey. Devotees of *Le Jazz Hot* who can overlook the plot will no doubt enjoy the music which includes new and old numbers performed by guest stars and the Dorseys. I wish the film had less plot and more scenes like the jam session around Art Tatum's piano.

Someone got the bright idea that the heroine played by Barbara Britton in a new comedy was also incredible, so he named the picture *"The Fabulous Suzanne."* Suzanne is quite incredible—and a little giddy too. When she inherits seven thousand dollars, her fiancé (Bill Henry) turns her down. So she goes to New York where her luck continues and in no time she wins a small fortune as well as the attentions of three Wall Street men: an over-serious broker (Rudy Vallee), his philandering brother (Richard Denning) and their dashing father (Otto Kruger). The chase involving Suzanne and these four men is only mildly amusing—but the picture has one hilariously funny scene in a nightclub where Rudy Vallee, as the stuffy broker, objects violently to a singer who is none other than the famous Rudy Vallee of radio and screen.

"Suddenly It's Spring" has the kind of a four-cornered romance that Shakespeare liked to think up—but this

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picture is no "midsummer night's dream." It is mainly concerned with a tiresome, cross-country chase that tries to be very funny, but succeeds more often in being vulgar. Peter (Fred MacMurray) wants to divorce Mary (Paulette Goddard) so he can marry Gloria (Arleen Whelan). Jack (Macdonald Carey) accompanies Peter on this chase after Mary because he wants her to divorce Peter and marry him. Mary doesn't want a divorce at all because she still loves Peter (in spite of Gloria) and because, as an officer in the WACS, she is known as Captain Lonelyhearts, the marital relations expert. Occasionally some of the wisecracks are amusing (as when Mary settles an argument between a WAC and her 4-F husband), but most of the script and the silly situations make you realize that Hollywood is scraping the bottom of the barrel.

William A. Seiter has directed *"I'll Be Yours"* with such a slow pace that the whole piece is more like a dirge than a sprightly comedy. It still has a few touches of Molnar's "The Good Fairy," from which it stems by way of several writers; but its story (about the small town girl who goes to New York and lies and lies) needs to be done with lightness. Only Adolphe Menjou, as a multi-millionaire who wants to "sponsor" this girl, and William Bendix, as a waiter, play their rôles with a sense of fun. Deanna Durbin, as the prevaricator who means well and hopes to help the struggling lawyer, and Tom Drake, as this intensely honest young man, lack the vigor necessary to put over the formless plot. The heroine of this bit of foolery should have been played by an exponent of the wacky school, for who else could possibly admit that her name is Louise Ginglebusher?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

What Comes Naturally

ANNE FREMANTLE

"..SHE RECOUNTED her experience . . . she had worked five years with one firm, three with another; her dictation speed was a hundred and forty, typing, around seventy-five. Yes, she could run various office machines and do bookkeeping . . . now she wanted to work in a war plant and be near her husband. The interviewer listened, glanced down at the application card and the letters of recommendation, then turned to the girl and said 'I'm sorry, there aren't any openings you'd fit into.' As the girl walked away, the interviewer turned to a woman standing near and said 'It's too bad we can't place her. A girl with a fine background like that would be snapped up if she weren't a Jew.'" This, and the many similar incidents recounted by Dorothy W. Baruch in her "Glass House of Prejudice" (Morrow. $2.50) are the cause and reason whose effects are described fictionally by Arthur Koestler in his "Thieves in the Night" (Macmillan. $2.75), factually by I. F. Stone in his "Underground to Palestine" (Boni & Gaer. $2.50). Everything that Miss Baruch describes as happening here —the deliberate crowding of the Negroes into ghettoes, the murdering of individual Mexicans by gangs of white thugs, the perennial lynchings, the discrimination in the

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schools ("Americans upstairs, Mexicans in the basement") the police sitting quietly while the colored are forcibly prevented from voting—has happened, over and over and over again, all over Europe. And the disease of which such behavior is but one symptom is costlier than cancer, and contagious. It cost every penny spent on World War II, and, as Miss Baruch shows us, so far every penny of that cost has been spent in vain, for Bilbo's America is Hitler's own, and Colonel Webb's England (he being the gallant officer who objected to the presence of the press while his men beat up the Jews) is as nazi as though Germany had won the war.

Our Lord pointed out, quite practically and with His complete lack of sentimentality that violence breeds violence, hate breeds hate, and you reap exactly what you sow. That the harvest is even more bloodily unpleasant than was the seed, is part of the law of cause and effect. Every country, it has often been said, gets the Jews it deserves: for "Jew" read any minority, and the saying is still as true. So Miss Baruch shows, in a pleasantly written, anecdotal and agreeable little book, that wraps its brimstone in treacle, and is lively and sincere.

Arthur Koestler has written an appallingly bad novel, that is pure journalese, whilst I. F. Stone, thinking only to record as a reporter what he heard and saw "traveling with the least fortunate but the bravest of my people" has written something that's pretty close to being literature. Yet both books are naïve propaganda for the same cause. Koestler's account of the Jewish collectives in Palestine is a description, from life (for Koestler, like his hero, once lived on a farm such as the Ezra's Tower he describes) of the end of the journey made by Stone and his comrades.

But Koestler, whose "Darkness at Noon" was one of the few really great novels of the first half of the twentieth century, has in "Thieves in the Night" taken a set of type straight out of the button-molder's own ladle. There is Joseph, the intellectual, half-goyim hero, conscious of his own Judaism for the first time when his mistress discovers it, and turns him out of bed, who finds his own people sadly unappetizing: "these stumpy, dumpy girls, with their rather coarse features, big buttocks and heavy breasts, physically precocious, mentally retarded, over-ripe and immature at the same time, and these raw, arse-slapping youngsters, callow, dumb and heavy, with their aggressive laughter and unmodulated voices, without traditions, manners, form or style. Yet these Hebrew Tarzans are what we have bargained for."

Joseph is in love with slim Dina, with the blue shadows under her eyes: Dina who, because of the Things to Forget that she has endured in Europe, cannot bear to be touched, and who, when she surreptitiously takes a farm horse out at night to ride bareback, alone, and very skimpily clad, up to some Jewish cave-tombs is raped and done to death by a young Arab. Joseph settles down with Ellen, whose sweating armpits are an aphrodisiac by night and a deterrent by day, whom he can neither love nor leave because "if I brought this thing with Ellen to an end, within three days I would be running about like a rat poisoned by sex hormones." There are excellent accounts of how a collective is run, and what it costs in human labor and even in cash. The difficulties and the delights of the communal life which seem strangely unaffected by the sexual license (perhaps Freud is wrong, and human beings react and suffer and behave in the same way whether they are stallions or steers—Koestler would make it seem so) are well and wittily set out; but this is a sadly un-serious book. Even Joseph's conversion to terrorism seems to be from sheer pleasure in the prank. And after the adult attitude of "Darkness at Noon," "Scum of the Earth" and even of "Arrival and Departure," this is a sad lapse into adolescent immaturity, both of writing, characterization, and theme.

Whereas I. F. Stone's companions, with their myriad marginal stories of individual agony and heroism, illuminate his unpretentious style until it is rich and splendid as a medieval missal. And his journey is tremendously grown-up, part of the millenial voyage through exile and anguish to that Jerusalem which is city for the Jews and symbol for mankind. Mr. Stone makes his reader feel—apart from the real thrill and suspense of his narrative—the quality of his race, which has down the centuries expressed itself through suffering as its persecutors have expressed themselves through painting or music or poetry. Mr. Stone's straight truth is both safer drinking and more thirst-quenching than Koestler's carbonated fiction, and the latter might have done better to stick to the first person into which his Joseph occasionally drops instead of writing from the aloof security of his Welsh farm, where he enjoys the hospitality of the country he so virulently attacks.

Europe, and copying her, America, has always turned its sadism and its masochism onto its minorities, its nonconformists, and on to the stranger within its gates, be that stranger Jewish, Negro, Indian or Japanese. But this form of "doing what comes naturally" is leading mankind where it led the lemmings—those rats who marched hundreds of miles to mass suicide by drowning in the sea. We cannot afford to let the lower passions, present in us all, become explicit in our Bilbos and our Webbs. We all have our fascist moments—as Koestler shows in his novel, as Dorothy Baruch shows in the admirable questionnaire in part three of her book, and as Stone shows in his account of his own behavior to the Italians who arrested him—but we must get the better of these for our own sakes. And however stupidly or badly the Jewish terrorists are behaving it is our fault, collectively, as Christians.

The Immaculate Heart

Light is intensely the inhabitant
Of this unsullied place of consecration,
The Virgin's Heart. Light is itself the air
And firmament and sea and foliage.
Her thoughts are Godward mirrors, one in their
Orientation.

I enter this pure area where light
Dwells by divine election, and I go
Into the long noon of her adoration
Where an eternal silence drifts like snow.
There are no words here save the Word of God
Pondered on without syllable or stir,
Nor do I speak save by determined presence.
I kneel down in the Virgin's radiation
And gaze at God with her.

JESSICA POWERS.

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The Labor Movement

Sometimes You Make Mistakes

SOMETIMES it is difficult to know what to do. You cannot always ask a priest. And if you do ask a priest, it is possible that even he might give you the wrong answer because the problem, Mr. Anthony, is not a moral problem, it is a tactical problem.

It is of course easy to be wise after the event. In the excitement of the moment, in the heat of the battle, men make decisions that they might well disown in the cool of the evening. This is particularly true in the labor movement, where you find men who have not always been trained either in advanced logic or advanced tactics. And it is even more true when these men are locked in combat with the Communists. There is something about the CP's that brings out the most emotional in a man.

In the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, CIO, there is a growing organization called the UE Members for Democratic Action, which has lately been worrying the Communists and fellow travelers who control that large and important union (about 500,000). In recent months the CP's have lost elections in locals having about 40,000 members, which brings the anti-CP strength to about 125,000.

The difficulty has been that a number of groups that ousted pro-CP control were either not affiliated with MDA, or if they were, rarely bothered to consult with MDA leaders. One of these was the group that recently won an election in the General Electric local in Bridgeport, Conn., a local of some 6,000 members. A few weeks back a membership meeting of this local voted to expel any member of the Communist Party, the Ku Klux Klan, the Columbians or "any other subversive group." A few days later the local leaders threw out 27 members, including some officials and shop stewards, on grounds of Communism. Since the local has a maintenance-of-membership contract, it is presumed that this action would mean loss of jobs for the 27.

There then followed a letter from Albert Fitzgerald, the fellow-traveling president of UE, ordering the local to reinstate the ousted members. When this was ignored, the UE executive board revoked the local's charter and is now taking steps through the courts to hand over the 6,000 GE workers in Bridgeport to the same old gang that were voted out of office in December. The local officers have said that they will fight the revocation of their charter, and failing that, they will affiliate with another CIO or AFL union. An interesting sidelight, or pair of sidelights, is the fact that the UE executive board gave neither a warning nor a hearing to the Bridgeport local, and when it revoked the charter, one of its complaints was that the local had given neither warning nor hearing to the 27 expelled members.

There can be no doubt that the Bridgeport leaders made a stupid mistake. They should have known that the UE constitution contains a provision prohibiting any discrimination because of race, creed or political belief. (The Communists themselves would probably be the first to ignore this provision if it were a question of some dangerous outfit of a "fascist" quality.) Or if the local had only voted to exclude Communists from being officers, they might have gotten away with it. They could have pointed to an opinion printed in the UE *News* about six years ago, an opinion by James B. Carey, secretary-treasurer of the CIO and then president of the UE, who stated that a local could take such action without violating the UE constitution. But then they might also have remembered that it was because he expressed such opinions that Carey himself was removed from office by the CP's at the UE's next convention.

Even if they had been able to get away with it, ousting the 27 members would still have been a mistake. Membership in a union has become for many men an essential condition for keeping their jobs. How can a union take upon itself the terrible responsibility of throwing a man out of work when the Supreme Court of the United States refuses to say that his membership in the Communist Party has become a crime? Even since Roosevelt the Supreme Court is by no means the most radical body of men in the country. And even before Roosevelt the Party was legal.

So the anti-Communists in Bridgeport went out on a rickety limb, and the CP's, who are by no means stupid, quickly and neatly sawed it off. They might have been a big help in cleaning out the national administration of the UE. Now it appears that they will be of little use to anyone. Which is very sad.

Then there is another long story about the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, CIO, in which the Communist leadership apparently stole an election and the strongest element in the opposition got mad and pulled out of the union. Pulled out, it would seem, before all other means had been exhausted and even before sufficient groundwork had been laid to make the secession very much of a success. But then, sometimes you make mistakes. And it is of course easy to be wise after the event. JOHN C. CORT.

Escape

M. I. KNOX

MR. RANDAL wanted to die. He was old and sick, and angry with his physical self because it was worn out and could not be mended.

"I'd like to die," he said one day, to his family. "Better to rot comfortably in the grave than uncomfortably out of it." His wife, at this, burst into tears, and his daughters said sharply: "Please stop, Papa," and looked annoyed, so he forebore to mention it again.

Now, at the age of seventy-three, he looked back upon three years' illness. Three years was much too long to be ill, he thought. It was almost shameful not to be dead after one year of the kind of torture he had endured. As he contemplated his seventy years of strength, he felt that, in theory, he had something to be thankful for, and yet actually, in his mind, that whole life had shrunk into something as insignificant and tiny as a dried-up walnut. He found that he could no longer invoke the past and its pleasures; they meant nothing; and his chief concern at present was to potter along somehow and get through the rest of his time. And so he waited as patiently as he could.

It never occurred to him to commit suicide.

His wife and daughters were kind, too kind; they watched over him anxiously and sought to prolong his life. They were constantly calling in different doctors who advised operations, cures, or invalid diets.

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"No smoking, Mr. Randal," said the doctors gravely. "No walks, a little drive in the motor, perhaps; no rich food, late hours or excitement of any kind."

"In other words, no life of any kind," thought Mr. Randal, but he did not say it aloud. He had become immensely tactful with his family.

One morning he awoke early. He lay in his bed, long and gaunt, with his hands clasped under his head. That had always been his favorite position when lying down, and he still preferred it to any other, even though it now made his heart beat with disconcerting violence. As he lay there watching a shifting patch of light on the ceiling, he remembered that a new doctor was coming today, a specialist, his wife said, who would undoubtedly be able to do wonders for him. Thinking of it, Mr. Randal shivered. What if the man could patch him up to a certain extent? Why, he might go on living for years, instead of the months which he had set as his limit. The horror of the thought made him sit upright in bed, but a painful pounding caused him to lie down again. He felt trapped—a rat in a trap, an animal at bay; these and other similies occurred to him, and like an animal, he wanted to get out of the place that confined him, out of his house and into the air.

He rose from his bed, this time with infinite caution, putting his feet gingerly to the floor, and walking to the window he sat down and looked out.

Below him lay the lawns and gardens, still silvery with the dew. At a little distance the roofs of the neighboring houses showed above the trees. Beyond, he saw the church spire, its gilded cross gleaming palely in the morning sun. The hands on the church clock pointed to seven. There was a hush about the scene; to Mr. Randal's sensitive imagination it seemed as if he were looking upon a prospect which was caught for an instant between the past and the future, like a stone which is about to roll over a precipice, and in that instant he felt, with a strange sense of certainty, that he would never again look upon this particular scene with this particular feeling.

A lightness, a happiness, came into his heart, and suddenly he felt strong and well. So powerful was the illusion of health, that he was able to dress himself quickly; the usual daily anguish of drawing his clothes over his stiff limbs and bending to put on his shoes was forgotten. The day was beautiful and he wanted to get out into his beloved world. That was the sum of his thoughts. In the back of his mind was the remembrance of the specialist, but he ignored it.

He crept downstairs, pausing at each step to listen, head cocked on one side, his tongue between his lips. What if his wife or one of his daughters heard him? Walking was forbidden, and Jean, always a conscientious woman, would be sure to try and stop him.

"Not that I'd blame her," thought Mr. Randal, "My poor misguided wife, she wants me to live." Remembering her many sleepless nights and her devoted care of him, he was vaguely remorseful.

As he left the house, out of some queer notion of loyalty, he continued to think of her. He felt he ought to think about her seriously sometimes because he found that she was fading from his life and his scheme of things as completely as an old photograph will fade from the paper on which it is printed. But try as he might, he could not crystallize his thoughts of her. They remained only a blur in his mind, a confused jumble of happenings, and really nothing of Jean herself. With a sigh, he gave it up, and abandoned himself to the extraordinary beauty of the early morning.

He walked along the empty road with something of his old briskness, flourishing his cane. There was nobody about, not even a dog. The sleeping occupants of the houses, mused Mr. Randal, were still creatures of yesterday. Today meant nothing to them as yet. Amused by his fancy, he elaborated it as he glanced around. Yesterday's wash was hanging on the line, yesterday's ashes were doubtless still in the stoves, and—to be unromantic—yesterday's garbage still reposed in the garbage pails. At this unsavory idea he laughed aloud, and paused to pick a syringa from a bush. He sniffed at it lingeringly, and put it into his buttonhole with large veined hands that trembled slightly.

At the end of the road the ground sloped downwards and the neat fields and gardens gave way to an expanse of moorland covered with rough grass and bay bushes. Beyond the moor was a narrow strip of beach that curved around the glittering sea like an enfolding arm. In the far distance the water was blue and smooth, but in the foreground the sun shone on the waves with an unbearable brightness. It was Mr. Randal's favorite view, and as he stood looking at it there was something in the limpid sky, the little waves, and the quiet loveliness of the scene as a whole that eased his profound weariness of life and melted the ache in his soul. Curiously enough, as he grew more peaceful, his bodily fatigues overtook him again, and he lost the sense of physical buoyancy which he had experienced half an hour earlier.

★

He sat down stiffly on a rock near the beach and taking off his hat, ran his hand over the lank gray hair which still grew thickly on his skull. There was something very pathetic about him as he sat quietly on the rock, panting a little from his walk, his long thin legs stretched out in front of him. Soon he found the sun on the waves too dazzling so he shifted his position and turned his eyes on the grass at his feet. An ant, staggering under the weight of a huge crumb, was crawling along a piece of grass. The ridges in the blade, so small to the human eye, were walls which the ant had to climb, but it did so with endless patience and determination, and finally disappeared, still carrying its burden. Nearby a black and orange caterpillar was slowly humping itself along; aimless and indolent, it was the antithesis of the ant. Mr. Randal watched with interest, and wondered how long it would be before a bird came and carried it off. "In the midst of life we are in death," he thought.

He put his hat on, pulled the brim over his eyes, and turning towards the sea, fixed his gaze on an object far out on the water. Was it a boat or a buoy? He couldn't make out, his sight had begun to fail during the last month or so. He didn't mind it so much in the house, he knew well enough what his family and his possessions looked like, and the dimness of his vision lent them a hazy charm; but out-of-doors, his defective eyes deceived him again and again. Now, as he looked straining towards the water, he visualized a time in the near future when he might be blind. Blindness! The idea was terrifying. Forgetting his carefully acquired patience, he sank his head in his hands with a groan. His mind raced

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round and round like a ball in a groove, and it seemed to him that the prospect of death was the only thing which made life bearable.

Then Mr. Randal looked up. He felt an unfamiliar sensation in his chest. It was as if everything round his heart had turned to water. With difficulty, he sat up straight on the rock, and looked out again over the sea. Now he really, truly wanted to know if that object so far out was a boat or a buoy, so he craned his neck. The feeling at his heart grew stronger and extended to his arms and legs; he had the notion that his life was literally running away out of the ends of his fingers. For an instant a film floated before his eyes, but his sight cleared, and he saw that the thing was a boat, after all. Then his eyes dilated and with a cry he fell backwards and rolled off the rock onto the white sand.

Books of the Week

The Chrysanthemum and the Sword. Ruth Benedict. Houghton. $3.00.

BEFORE 1941, many Americans may have been content to dismiss the Japanese as a queer oriental people, undoubtedly human (to be sure), but quite unlike ourselves. Save for an occasional denunciation of their aggressive habits, they were scarcely worth more than a second thought. Within a few months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, both our government and military forces, were made to understand that they faced a formidable foe and one whose conduct seemed to defy common sense. Problems, hitherto unforeseen, became the questions of the day. What were the Japanese like; how did they think and fight; what conduct could be expected from prisoners; would they prove susceptible to propaganda and, if so, what kind of propaganda; in case of victory, what type of a military government should we establish and how would it be administered? In an attempt to answer these questions, the Office of War Information, in June, 1944, assigned to an anthropologist, Dr. Ruth Benedict, the task of studying the Japanese people, and now, more than two years later, this book is her report.

Dr. Benedict encountered many difficulties. Obviously it was impossible to make a field trip to Japan and to live with the people in their own homes. At least one good field study, John Embree's "Suye Mura," proved invaluable, but unfortunately the questions of 1944 had not been raised at the time of its writing.

On the other hand, there did exist an immense mass of literature, the work of many a competent foreign observer who had recorded years of study and experience. The services of numerous Japanese living here in America could be obtained and, finally, the Japanese people have a great impulse to write about themselves and have produced amazingly frank self-revelations.

With the aid of these assistants, it was possible to read Japanese novels, to witness their movies, and to discuss their content with people who would see them not as Americans, but as Japanese. When Dr. Benedict was bewildered, it was obvious that they were not. She also discovered that although some would defend their conventions, while others detested everything Japanese, both would agree in giving the same general advice on how a foreigner should regulate his conduct in Japan.

At this point the critic may justly ask the anthropologist who, in going directly to a people to obtain an insight into the working of their culture, merely does what many of the ablest observers have already done before, what special contribution anthropology, as a distant science, can bring to these problems? In reply, the author maintains that it offers both its viewpoint and method: comparison with other cultures and a universal approach which includes the study of even the most trivial details of everyday culture.

In addition to this method and technique, the author assumes two general premises: (1) that human behavior in any society is learned in daily living; that the way in which a man thinks or feels has some relation to his experience, and (2) that the most isolated bits of behavior have some systematic relation to each other; that these details fall into patterns; and that the solutions to problems must be integrated to some degree of internal consistency or else the whole cultural fabric will fall to pieces. In other words, economic activity, political ideals, family organization, and religious life, are not absolute entities entirely independent of one another, but rather they are geared into one another so as to form a functioning whole.

In any investigation of this kind the two most apparent fallacies to avoid are, unfortunately, the very attitudes most constantly emphasized by American newspapers. The one consists in believing that alien people are just like ourselves, so that, in order to understand them, all we must do is fall back on those unconscious assumptions we make for our culture; for example, how would we react if we were Germans or Japanese and our countries were occupied? Naturally, when their conduct fails to make sense, we lapse into the opposite but really similar error of supposing that these foreigners are incomprehensible persons, beyond the pale of rational analysis, whose peculiarities may be attributed either to race or some equally trite historical generalization. In case of an all-out war such people must either be exterminated, rendered impotent, or "re-educated" to be like Americans.

Dr. Benedict examines Japanese assumptions about the conduct of life. She writes neither a history nor a formal description of Japanese institutions, but she is interested in what makes a Japanese a Japanese. What are those habits and viewpoints which would be accepted and taken for granted by the average Japanese and for which the ideal authority would be the proverbial man in the street?

In this book, hundreds of pages emphasize a thoroughly hierarchal society, together with its complicated ethical code. It is a society which stresses the supremacy of the spiritual over the material, is incredibly sensitive to ridicule and public opinion, emphasizes personal responsibility for all acts, and realizes its moral code through sanctions of shame rather than any sense of guilt. It is the duty of each and every man to maintain his self-respect and his own proper station in life, to fulfil whole circles of obligations and to observe the most meticulous conduct so as to cope with any and every situation.

A brilliant historical summary shows how the Japanese have maintained this hierarchal arrangement; the well-known importations of Chinese and Occidental cultures having been so planned as carefully to exclude democratic equalitarian elements. Such a system would logically lead to authoritarian despotism, but in practice a strong sense of social solidarity and family loyalty limits the wielding of arbitrary power.

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No doubt this society exhibits admirable features, but it also has its disadvantages. For, as the author summarizes it, ". . . social pressures in Japan, no matter how voluntarily embraced, ask too much of the individual. They require him to conceal his emotions, to give up his desires and to stand as the exposed representative of a family, an organization or a nation. The Japanese have shown that they can take all the self-discipline such a course requires. But the weight upon them is extremely heavy. They have to repress too much for their own good. Fearing to venture upon a life which is less costly to their psyches, they have been led by militarists upon a course where the costs pile up interminably. Having paid so high a price, they became self-righteous and have been contemptuous of people with a less demanding ethic."

Similarly, Dr. Benedict's own proposals are characterized by a scientific spirit of restraint. Although preferring the free and easy democratic equality which De Tocqueville found characteristic of America a century ago and advocating some form of international organization, she warns against the ethno-centrism of those who would refashion Japan according to American ideals or who, in the name of a world state, would try to reduce the whole world to one monotonous level of cultural uniformity. In one little instance it is proposed that the prohibition of a vicious practice of hazing in the upper schools and in the army would accomplish more real good than any attempt to abolish the cult of the emperor or eliminate nationalist teachings from their textbooks.

Dr. Benedict has nothing but praise for the accomplishments of General MacArthur and his administration. Here it is unfortunate that no real indication is given concerning the degree of influence exerted by the academically trained social scientists of the OWI in determining the occupational policies. Neither is it clear why the government waited two and a half years before this assignment was granted. But it does appear that the final decision upon the nature of our occupation (should military governments be localized as they were in Germany, or should the Japanese chain of responsible officialdom be retained under the direction of a supreme American command) was not made until the last moment. Fortunately our government decided in favor of the second course, in spite of the fears of those who anticipated a rebellious non-cooperative population. For, as Dr. Benedict explains, Japanese are not Americans, and prognostications of their conduct in terms of Western psychology are worthless. Perhaps nowhere else in the world would a policy of granting an opportunity for cooperation and self-respect hold so much promise for success.

THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

At Sallygap and Other Stories. Mary Lavin. Atlantic, Little. $2.75.

SOME IRISH writers have a compressed, taut way of writing. Suddenly into this monotone there comes a sudden dart of color. This unexpected rosette makes for a lamenting and humorous poignancy typical of the best Irish story-telling. In Miss Mary Lavin's new collection of short stories, "At Sallygap," there is a continuous grey whine scarcely slashed at all by any spot of color.

"Love Is For Lovers" tells of a middle-aged store clerk and a bosomy widow who become dear friends, but Matthew, overwhelmed by Mrs. Cooligan's over-ripe sensuality, runs out of the impending marriage. There is "The Nun's Mother," a deft and penetrating study of the female mind when an only daughter enters the Church; the fusty middle-class tragedy of "The Will," an unloved daughter, omitted in her mother's will, returns for the old lady's funeral and arranges for a Mass for her unforgiving parent's soul; the depressing dullness of life in "At Sallygap"; the simple Irish fisherman allegory in "The Green Grave and the Black Grave," a chorus of keening repetition and the unfilled hunger of the sea. "A Wet Day" is a subtly humorous sketch of a hypochondriacal priest, and "Brother Boniface," the biography of a simple, good lad who becomes the best loved monk in his monastery. These are the best stories in "At Sallygap."

Alas, Miss Lavin's writing suffers from negation, and I do not mean understatement. Mary Lavin *can* write movingly and with that special Irishness, which, unless bogged down with shamrock and little people, can be most endearing. She has neither the crisp tartness of Frank O'Connor nor the often in extremis bog-madness of Francis Stuart. If only she would paint up her tales with that spot of radiance and make her writing live. One longs for the wild Gaelic wit or the tender grayness of mountain and sea, the poetry of storm and striding heroes. In the title story one is hopeful; Manny Ryan, the ex-violinist, arouses interest, but his predicament flattens out far flatter than even his dreary Dublin existence warrants; even his enraged, sexually-thwarted wife cannot infuse any life into the story. So it goes with nearly all of Miss Lavin's tales.

"A Wet Day," "The Sand-Castle" and the incisive "Nun's Mother" are, I feel, the most successful stories in "At Sallygap." Miss Lavin will have to make a clearer-cut decision as to her ultimate path. These three stories should be excellent guideposts. ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

A Kierkegaard Anthology. Edited by Robert Bretall. Princeton. $5.00.

THE intellectual souls among us who discovered their Kierkegaard, let us say, in 1923, and could mysteriously refer to him when discussing the latest philosophical fashion of post-war Europe "Existenz Philosophie" or Karl Barth's dialectic theology, will not have to worry too much: even in this anthology Kierkegaard remains as aloof from the average man as before. He is hard to read, nay, even boring, unless you have a consuming, burning interest. I seem to have had it in 1923, when Theodore Haecker translated Kierkegaard like a second Kierkegaard. But, if you really want to get acquainted with the great Dane who is stirring up a desperate Europe a hundred years after his death, and if you don't fear that he will leave you with a restlessness that does not fit into our return to "normalcy," this is the book for you. Even if you only sample it, it will give you different insights. Even the excellent introduction of the editor is worth the money you may spend for the book.

More or less earnest Catholics and Protestants are all haunted by the same problem that was at the bottom of Kierkegaard's endless searching and probing: how to be a Christian in Christendom. The question goes back to 313 AD and the first monks decided that this was only possible away from Christendom, in the desert. This puts Kierkegaard, whom I compared with Newman back in 1938, on the level of Saint Anthony of Egypt, Saint Augustine, Saint Benedict, Saint Francis, down all the way to Saint Teresa. He is unorthodox, there is no doubt.

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His un-Protestant openness to "culture" and beauty, so often emphasized by Catholics, still does not make him Catholic. He remains a thorn in everybody's side: in Luther's whom he despises, in Calvin to whom he is as opposed as to Karl Barth, his greatest pupil, to the Church by his anti-institutionalism, to philosophy, to school-theology, to Protestant "within-the-world" asceticism, as much as to the Catholic cloister. "The tragedy that nowadays all are Christians is a real one, since the idea of being or becoming a Christian is thereby emptied of the significance it originally had . . . When Christianity is made so attractive that pretty nearly everyone accepts it as a matter of course, then one can be sure it is not true Christianity that is being presented." You seem to hear Barth in Kierkegaard's angry rejection of the "reasonableness of Christianity . . . the early Christians knew that their faith was not intellectually respectable." Yet he is not opposed to Saint Thomas's synthesis as it proceeded *from reverence and faith.*

I wish a Catholic publisher would give us English versions of the works by Catholics who have labored in the Archimedean stand for the world of Kierkegaard's thought, men like Maritain, Guardini and Haecker. I hope to God it won't be the weird mouthings of Erich Przywara. If the Soviet encyclopedia finds time to froth at the mouth over a "single Christian" as Kierkegaard, we can believe that he constitutes a "Christian menace." That should be a reason for us to learn from him. Many a French theologian these days sees wide horizons open for Catholic thought even in "Existenz Philosophie." Can we then afford to ignore the great man who was the first to show a restless heart when he saw Christ in immediacy in a world of bourgeois who took Him devoutly as a fixture of society? H. A. REINHOLD.

A History of American Poetry. Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska. Harcourt. $4.00.

WEAVING among the assorted malices of the immediate literary scene is, however titillating, exhausting; and perhaps the extreme, rather niggardly caution preserved by the authors towards most of the young practising poets is as defensive as it appears wary. They are practicing poets themselves. Critically and editorially, their history, as is usual in general surveys of this kind, must stand or fall by its quotations. These are indeed generously supplied, although very often a kind of quarrel is set up between them and the text. The *fact* of the John Gould Fletcher verses included, for instance, certainly cancels out the critical comment forming most of the chapter; and this balance is maintained largely throughout. If the chapter on Wallace Stevens is adult, the one on Marianne Moore appears frankly scared. And there is a question too, in just how far criticism by analogy can be, as Mr. Gregory puts it, "thrust." One needs a grapevine knowledge of the foibles of the critic to understand why that section of a poetical history devoted to T. S. Eliot should be chiefly given over to Burton Rascoe. Perhaps it's fun, but since the book is designed mainly for the curious and learning reader, it does not seem to make much of the common sense so earnestly solicited in the prologue. For its anecdotes, chatty style, its certainly healthy irreverence, the book is rewarding, but I doubt that it can be called useful.

KAPPO PHELAN.

WHAT—NO CORPSES?

We are nearly all under the impression that we have read the New Testament: only it is usually a false impression. We don't feel so sure we have read the great spiritual classics—St. Augustine's writings, for instance, or St. Teresa's—but we mostly expect to some day . . .

How about giving up murder for the rest of this Lent (fascinating as it is—to read about!) and getting down to some Real books? Any book from the following list will do much to console you for the temporary absence of M. Poirot and his rivals, and if these books cost more, they also last better.

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Anglo-Saxon Saints and Scholars. Eleanor Shipley Duckett. Macmillan. $5.00.

I CONFESS that the preface of this book predisposed me to find it warmly human, for, therein, the author, who is Professor of Classical Languages and Literature at Smith, extends her thanks to the Head Janitor of the Library for "the transportation, up and down stairs, of so many monumental tomes." See the bibliography! I was not disappointed; although all four of the saints and scholars of whom Miss Duckett writes had gone to their rest by 754 A.D., long before Charlemagne was crowned, she has dealt with each with so much sympathy, such naturalness, that I felt, when I laid the volume aside, that I knew Aldhelm of Malmesbury, Wilfrid of York, Bede of Jarrow and Boniface of Devon as living human beings; they were quite as real to me as they were to Dante when he wrote the "Paradiso."

The portrait of Aldhelm is a *tour de force.* From innumerable and heavy documents, not the least difficult being the saint's own Latin writings which abound in riddles, Miss Duckett has evoked a sweet, lovable, holy Anglo-Saxon, and has depicted him as a lad studying with the Celt Maelduib, as a young man at Canterbury, as monk, priest and abbot at Malmesbury. Thoroughly aware of the sin and warfare rampant about him, Aldhelm remained serene. His self-discipline was remarkable; his devotion to his monks and his monastery, and his faith in the potentiality for good in his fellow Anglo-Saxons, never swerved.

For his monastery, he built two churches, one dedicated to Saint Peter and Saint Paul, another to the Blessed Virgin. He celebrated each in verse, and we note how the lines to Mary adumbrate the loveliest in Medieval English literature:

> Lady of mighty power, Holy Virgin, Mother of God
> Pitifully hear the prayers of the peoples who cry to thee.

A note that was to linger in English writing was struck, also, in his letters to nuns who were studying the Scriptures: "As bees flit from the marigold to the purple mallow, from the mallow to the yellow blossoms of the willow and the broom, from the clusters of the ivy to the flowering limes, so you gather learning from many a page of scholarship."

Of special interest in the accounts of Aldhelm and the other saints in this volume is the author's pertinent use of legend. There will be page on page of scholarly narrative painstakingly annotated; then, suddenly, the whole will be pointed up with legends. These are recounted with quiet humor. Many a hagiographer could here learn the value of legends properly placed, for in writing of the saints, a nice balance must be struck.

Miss Duckett's second personage, Wilfrid of York, was very unlike Aldhelm. He was of the north; he was influenced by the holiest of the Celts, especially by Aidan, and spent four years in his youth under the strict Irish rule of Iona at the Abbey of Lindisfarne. Later, at Canterbury, he memorized the Roman Psalter, and, possibly

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convinced by Benedict Biscop, was entirely converted to the Roman usage in determining the date of Easter. This question was to cause him much difficulty with the Celts estranged from Rome when he became Archbishop of York. No less scholarly than the account of Aldhelm, that of Wilfrid moves further: he travels to Rome; appears at the Synod of Whitby; is imprisoned. We hear him speak for himself when accused: ". . . Did I not convert all the Northumbrian people to the true Easter and the tonsure of the crown, following the custom of the Apostolic See? Was it not I who taught their monks to sing psalms, as did the primitive Church, in response and antiphon of twofold choir, who trained them in the Rule of Saint Benedict which none before had brought into Northumbria. . . .?" Wilfrid's esthetic sense, his love of building, his collections of treasures of beautiful and rare things for York and Ripon and Hexham are dwelt on, but perhaps the greatest contribution of this chapter is the unvarnished account of dissension among rulers and bishops, dissension sometimes whipped into flame by Wilfrid's impetuosity.

From restless, stormy, ambitious Wilfrid we turn to gentle Bede of Jarrow whom Boniface called "a lantern given by the Lord." The author almost seems to have watched the child Bede committed to the care of the monks at Wearmouth, and to have lingered with him in the Abbey Church while he wondered at its carving and pictures. And the account of his life at the newly-built Monastery of Jarrow, where he learned the Rule of Saint Benedict, chanted, read and wrote Latin, and worked with his hands, is very intimate. Probably he liked feast days, the only days when he was permitted to speak Anglo-Saxon; some of us would have preferred fasts, and no wrestling with that uncouth tongue.

Naturally, it is Bede, the writer, who emerges most clearly, the author of the "Lives" of Saint Felix, Saint Cuthbert, the Abbots of Wearmouth-Jarrow, of the "Ecclesiastical History," of the "Commentaries on Revelation" and other parts of Holy Scripture, notably on the Gospel of Saint Luke. The fact that the commentary on Saint Luke's Gospel, which describes the Childhood of Our Lord, was so much copied in England, makes me wonder if we owe much of the early English verse on the Annunciation, Nativity and Childhood primarily to Bede. But the author does not suggest this: she stresses Bede as a teacher, a faithful, student and transmitter of the knowledge of Jerome, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Isidore and others, rather than as an inspirer; and she has himself as evidence to the truth of her thesis: ". . . I have to make my own shorthand notes while reading my sources, to copy out the pages I take from these, and to write my books themselves with my own hands. And there are so many sources, so important and impressive! I must diligently examine what blessed Ambrose, what Augustine, what Gregory, the apostle of our race (so well called Gregory, the Vigilant!), what Jerome, what other Fathers have said in their works about the words of Saint Luke." It brings that daily labor of Bede's in the *scriptorium* at Jarrow very close when we are reminded that one of the copies of the Bible available to him was that beautiful "Codex Amiatinus," so long in the Laurentian Library at Florence. It was taken from Jarrow to Italy as a gift to the Pope.

With other scholars, Miss Duckett holds: "To Bede we owe the first conception of the English as one people,

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gathered from different tribes and different origins . . ."

But, Bede, the priest, is here evident, also. In a letter to Bishop Egbert he wrote: "Remember how healthful to Christians of every race is the daily reception of the Body and Blood of the Lord; this, as you know, is the constant practice of the Church of Christ throughout Italy, Gaul, Africa, Greece and the whole of the East." And, in writing on Our Lady, he said, that her hymn was fitly prescribed for the hour of Vespers "in order that the mind, tired by labors and distracted by diverse problems, in dwelling awhile on the "Magnificat" might be lifted from the day's passing business and hurts to face the night in the reality of penitence and new resolves."

★

It is as the Apostle of Central Europe that the fourth of these saints is most familiar to us, for, as is well known, Wilfrid (dubbed Boniface by Pope Gregory II) left England to convert the barbarians on the Continent. But it is principally as a Son of Rome, a constant correspondent of the Popes, a faithful follower of the Holy See in matters of custom and doctrine, that he stands forth in these pages. The numerous quotations from his correspondence throw light on the life of the Church in England as well as on the Continent, for similar abuses were met with there. Had Boniface not been so straightforward and careful, so quick to question the Popes when he was in doubt, so ready to follow their advice, there scarcely could have been such a vivid picture of the Church in the early eighth century, for the letters which Miss Duckett quotes so generously are largely concerned with doctrine, custom and administration. And Fulda was for Boniface the haven that Malmesbury was for Aldhelm, Ripon for Wilfrid, and Jarrow for Bede. The peace of Fulda enfolds Boniface when he is not on active missions.

In reaching the chapter on Boniface, as in the other chapters, I longed for dates set in the margins; they would add greatly to the joy of one who likes reading made easy. And, throughout, I wished for a map of the countries familiar to these saints, one map would have sufficed, for their lives, in which so much was accomplished, spanned little more than one century, 634 A.D. to 754 A.D. But, these are little matters, and I like to think how the book as a whole would have pleased Tenney Frank and Edward Kennard Rand to whose memory it is dedicated.

D. H. MOSELEY.

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